Come to the Dance.





[Printed by Special Arrangement-Copyrighted, 1888.]

MIRACULOUS

BY A. L. DUANE,

Among all contemptible things I have always particularly despised a liar! There never seemed any excuse for anybody but a scoundrel and a coward telling lies; but I seriously doubt if any man ever lived who told the whole truth-especially if he happened to be a husband. There seems to be some morbid quality in a woman that makes her search out the things she knows will "break her heart," and when she finds them, if they disappoint her, she pinches, and twists, and distorts them until they can make a very unpleasant showing. Long experience as a married man teaches one to hide those little things very deftly. Only sometimes he findsthat the hole he has dug is big enough to swallow himself up. But my intentions were perfectly fair and honest last summer when I proposed taking a sea voyage. I had been working myself almost to death, getting a new plant of machinery adjusted in the factory, and the reaction had come in the shape of acute insomnia.

I tried everything for a remedy-from moral magazine tales to late suppers of onions and beer. I think perhaps the last might have done some good except that Julia objected. She said she had known men older than I to find drunkards graves from beginning with a doctor's prescription.

I met Senseney on the street one day, and he advised a sea voyage. Said he had taken one the year before and it had worked like a charm. He had gone on the Elia from Baltimore to Bremen, and had a day or two in Paris, and returned on the same ship. It only cost about \$250 all told, and he had been sleeping like a top ever since. I went home and told Julia, and asked her to go along, but she refused unless I would take Johnny and the baby, and as I had a conviction that absence from Johnny and the baby was a strong ingredient of the pre-

I went over to Baltimore one Monday morning, meaning to lay in a supply of cigars and literature, and an old friend, if possible, to keep me up during the long voyage. I found the and give her the two hundred and first two very readily, but the last I was about nifty dollars toward a new sealskin cloak. So I to give up in despair when I met Jim Blair. If ever there lived the prince of good fellows,

scription, I declined.

who is always, according to his friends, about to step into his kingdom by royal right and acclamation, it was (is), Jim Blair. Hospitality and welcome beam from his suppy brown eyes. The world has gone easy with him from his eradle up. Into that infant nest a dying uncle poured two million dollars, and Jim has made playthings of them ever since. It is one of the regrets of my life that I see so little of him. Until I married he was my other self; but matrimony means a greater severing from old ties than any man imagines until he tries it; and then there is another thing that, under any other circumstances, I should hardly like to mention. Jim has a sister. She is for a woman just what he is for a man, handsome, gay, cordial and clever. In my young days, before I knew Julia, I was desperately, head over ears in love with Madge Blair, and she refused me. The Lord only knows what possessed me ever to confess that affair to Julia. It must have been done in the early days of our courtship when my brain, memory and everything, were liquefied and poured out before her. I've repented it often enough. The consequence has been that she insists that Madge Blair repented her refusal, (does the woman live who does not think that every other woman would have been glad to have married her husband!) and has kept single on my account. "Oh, you needn't tell me!" she always says when I remonstrate with her upon her monstrous foolishness. "That woman is dead in love with you this minute, and I wouldn't be cold in my grave before she would marry your A nice step-mothof she would make for the poor children! A woman who has lived about in hotels with that fast man-about-town, Jim Blair!"

There was no use in saying one word. I had to take refuge in silence about the Blairs, and let our friendship die down out of sight. Itoniy was out of sight. The root was there, deep and strong, ready to send up its old-time shoots and blossoms at the least encouragement. And when I felt the cheerful grasp of his band in the Altamont office, I feit that if I could only persuade Jim to take that sea voyage with me,

there was nothing more to be desired. I didn't have time to broach the subject at once, as my old friend carried me off upstairs to see Madge. I hadn't seen her for five years, and | a top from 10 o'clock until dawn. her ripe, rich beauty burst upon me as if I had The evenings were so de mever seen it before. She seemed as glad to see sible to go to bed sooner.

me as Jim had been, and insisted at once upon my dining with them. Harry is just the man we wanted to see, eh, Madgel" Jim said, jovially. "Got a holiday this summer, old fellow!" he asked me in his

"Yes," I said, "I am just off for it now." And then I told my plans, and my hope hat he would go with me.

"Bless my heart! Just the thing!" Jim cried enthusiastically. "Only I have a plan worth ten of yours. Madge and I have taken a 'lodge in the wilderness' for the next two months. Maxwell has gone to Scotland, and has let us have his shooting-box in the top of the western Virginia mountains. There is no end of game, from buck to turkeys, and the air is just like good sherry. A man without any eyelids would sleep like a top up there. Come along with Madge and me."

It did sound enticing. "But," I said, "I have already engaged my state-room on the Elia-"Madge," Jim said, turning to his sister, "Germaine hasn't bought his ticket yet, has he

-or do you know!" Germaine was Jim's old French valet, who had traveled about with the brother and sister for years.

"No, he hasn't," Madge said, "he spoke to me

about it only this morning and asked me if I didn't think he had better go from here to Bremen, instead of going by way of England." "There, now, your last excuse is gone," Jim said, exultingly. "Old Germaine is too old to follow us about any longer, and is going home. He can take your ticket, and you can come with

us and save two or three hundred," "My dear friend," I said quietly. "You have never bad a wife nor a physician. They have | was in a group of trees and small brush on anseverally informed me that the thing to cure me other. of insomnia was a sea voyage, and if I take my vacation and come bome with the same old tendency to walk the verandas all night I am afraid there would be more 'I told you so's' than

I could manage comfortably." "Well, now, see here," Jim said. "You give old Germaine the ticket and come with us for a week. If you find yourself sleeping you can stay and enjoy yourself. If, on the contrary, you are no better, you can take the next steamer and say nothing about it, except that you were detained. As I understand, your family do not expect to hear from you while you are gone, as you would be home almost as soon as a

And this was the plan that I finally consented to accept. If it had been anybody else but the Blairs I should not have heaitated writing to Julia at once, but in view of her absurd and peculiar feeling in regard to Madge Blair, I concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. I could tell her when I went home, wrote her an affectionate farewell from Baltimore, telling her that the Elia would sail on the morrow, and that night Jim. Madge and I took a sleeper for a few hours' ride down into West Virginia, where a wagon was to meet us and take us on to Maxwell's picturesque log house on the summit of one of the highest points of

the Alleghenies. It was a beautiful morning when we left the train and climbed into the mountain wagon. The road wound about through the most magnificent scenery, and we drew in breaths and threw up our hands with the joy of bare existence. Jim sat on the front seat with the driver, who was a rough son of the soil, an old guide and hunter of Maxwell's, and Madge and I sat on the back seat. She wore the red connemara cloak that she had worn among the Scotch hills the year before; and as I saw the glorious color in her round cheek and the crisp curls on her white nape, I wondered what the Scotch lairds meant by letting her come away again; and I suppose it was human nature to wonder if there was a single grain of truth in Julia's foolish talk. and if I had had anything to do with her single life. I don't suppose the man lives whom that thought would not thrill. If there was any truth in it she had wonderful self-possession. She held out her hand to me when we reached the plateau upon which the long varandaed lodge stood with the same lack of self-conscience-

ness that she would have shown if her brother had stood there. And there began a life that was idyllic. Maxwell had let his attendants with the house. You could hardly call the sturdy mountaineers who served us servants. They were anything but servile. They cooked our meals and groomed our horses because they were paid for it; but they joined in our conversation and expressed their opinions with the freedom of equals. Madge and Jim called me Harry, and they called me Harry, too, and I think they never had an idea that I was not a brother. They didn't care. They didn't live above the clouds to worry themselves about the names and relationships of city people. There was nothing strange to them in the long day Madge and I spent on the edge of some trout stream with our lunch in a basket and a story book, as well as a fly book among our tackle. Sleep! I slept like The evenings were so delicious it was impos-

We had a wood fire built in the sitting-room, and opening the door, sat out on the wide rustic veranda, watching the twilight gather below us long before we had lost the sun. The cigars that were to have mingled their smoke with the sea breezes, wreathed away to be lost among the

mists that arose from the valley. For two weeks I felt as though I had alighted upon an enchanted shore, where all the inhabitants were clever, devoted friends and beautiful charming women. The third week Jim and I set off early one morning to a lick where they said deer were to be found

We rode on horseback for several miles, and then, leaving the horses, crept through the underbrush as cautiously as possible. When we came out to the water-hole, we saw by the tracks about that we were too late; doubtless the animals had come and gone again. There was nothing to be done but stay about the place until evening, when they would doubtless come

We had brought a lunch with us, and we ate that, fearing to smoke cigars on account of the odor. Twenty times, I think, Jim wished that we had brought Madge with us. The day seemed very long without her, and as she was a capital shot and had never killed a deer, she

would doubtless be very indignant at our creeping out in the early morning and leaving her. We were hungry and tired long before time for the deer to come down to the water again. but we had made up our minds to stay, as our

deer shooting had been anything but lucky this It was just at dusk on the mountain when we heard the snapping of a twig that told of the light boof of a deer approaching. Jim had placed himself behind a log on one side, and I

Almost simultaneously with the first footstep came another, seemingly almost behind me. The first deer emerged from the forest and stood still, like a bronze statue in the dull light. He, too, seemed to hear that other step, and lifting his antiered head aloft, seemed to snuff the

I went crazy. I lifted my rifle and fired, and hardly waiting to see him toss up his head, sprang out into the opening. I never once thought of considering that the buck would or could do me harm. He made one lunge toward me, his head lowered, when there came the sharp crack of a rifle behind me, and the deer felt over forward, dead, carrying me down with

In another second Jim was by me. and Jim's sister Madge was holding my head. "Bravo, Madge!" Jim was saying, with world of tender pride in his voice. "That was the prettiest thing I ever saw anybody do."

"Is be hurt?" was all she said. I was hurt, and just then it was convenient to faint dead away. The fall and shock had dislocated my shoulder. I don't know how they brought me back home.

only remember the journey as a confusion of There was a country doctor-"a nateral bonesetter"-about ten miles away on the mountain, and he came and set my shoulder and bandaged it, and assured me that it "jest wasn't nothin'." but for several days I had a most unpleasant low fever. After that they rigged me a hammock chair so that I could sit out on the veranda. and Madge Blair took care of me. I hope I felt

as a brother toward ber. Toward the end of the fourth week I began to grow nervous. I must be back in Baltimore and arrive with the Elia. I knew that my life would hardly be worth living if I went home and told Julia that I had not only been in the mountains when she thought I was in France, but bad been hurt and had not sent for her, but instead-had let my life be saved by Madge Blair. and had been under her care as a patient. The muddle was hopeless. The only way out of it was to go back to Baltimore and go home from there with anecdotes of my voyage. As I had been abroad a number of times I could invent that part of it without any difficulty. As I did not want to appear in the city before the ship came in, I had to tell Jim and Madge that I thought, in consideration of my battered condition. I should have to lay it to the account of the ship where I ought to have been, and that I should like to have a telegram sent from the nearest station asking for the ship's date.

The Blairs are the sort of people (most rare!) who never ask questions, but help you carry out your own plans; so Jim dispatched a man to Terra Alta with the telegram. He was gone twenty-four hours, and came back with a stunning answer. The Elia was long overdue, and as a great

storm was reported, she was supposed to be "Well, now," Jim said, "that's lucky. Of course she isn't lost. They never are. She will be coming along in a day or two, and you will

have that much more time to recover from your

accident. If she is lost you can say you came over on another vessel. Ah, that was it. We sent a man over to Terra Alta with instructions to keep telegraphing, and bring the first news of the ship. My conscience did trouble me now and then as I thought of Julia's anxiety, but I am afraid I had arrived at the point where I was more afraid of being "found | there was not even a drop of (drinking) water in

out" than anything else. And notwithstanding everything they were the last days of our holi day, and they went on wings.

A week went by, and then Jim and I went over to Terra Aita to hear the wire messages for ourselves. I bade Madge a sorrowful good bye. I tried to tell her how I appreciated her services to me, but I couldn't. And as I turned for the last time there were tears rolling down her cheeks. Then I resolved that nothing could ever induce me to tell Julia the story of those weeks.

The final message from the office of the Elia had come. There was no possible doubt but that it had perished. "There is nothing to be done," Jim said, "but to run up to New York and say you came over in one of the Northern vessels." So going back by night and cross roads, so that I would be sure of missing ac-

quaintances, I reached New York. I only waited there long enough to inspect the latest vessel in, and telegraph Julia that I was in America, when I boldly took the train for home. I was still weak from my illness, and as I alighted from the cars, the delegation of old friends that came up with exclamations of greeting fairly bewildered me. Everybody cried out at once, "Tell us about it. How were you

"I came over on the Etruria," I said, calmly. "Yes," they said, "but how did you escape from the Elis?" "I came over on the Etruria," I said, again and again. Then my wife's brother quickly put me in the carriage and closed the door. "There

come a lot of those cursed reporters," he said. "John drive fast." "I don't see what reporters can want of me, I said, peevishly. "Well," my brother in law said, in his slightly sarcastic manner, "the sole survivor of a

shipwreek is usually an interesting person to

interview. The owners and insurance men will

"But." I said, "I came over in the Etruria." "Well," my brother-in-law said, "what they want to know is how you got from the middle of the Atlantic to the Etruria. When a man leaves one shore on a vessel that never reaches land and turns up again from another ship, he must have some sort of a tale to tell," and he looked as though he expected to hear it then and there. I fell back with a groan. I was in a mess! Evidently the Elia has been lost before she reached Bremen. At least I could plead nerves and tell nothing to-night. Julia and the chil-

anxiety and grief, while Johnny and the baby clung around my knees. "Oh, popper!" Johnny said. "I thinked for a whole week you was a angel!" The first words Julia said were, "Tell me, oh tell me how you were saved!"

dren met me at the door and fell sobbing on my

neck. Poor Julia was sick and worn with

"To-night I cannot." I said faintly. "Not now. Let me go to bed. I am nearly exhausted." And truly I was. Some kind of a yarn I had to make up before morning, and I spent the hours turning over and over in my brain various plans, only to reject them all. One thing, the truth was out of the question. If Julia knew where I had been she would listen to no reason, but would consider herself entitled to a divorce at once. By morning my mind was made up, and call-

ing Julia and her brother into the morning room told my tale. "Before I begin," I said sternly, "I want to say one thing. This story I am in honor bound not to tell the reporters. Can you promise me | yard. that it shall never pass these walls?" "Yes." they said, they would promise.

"Then," I said, "in the first place I did not re-

turn in the Etroria." "Why, Harry! Julia cried in astonishment, "you said you did." "Yes." I said, "we are sometimes compelled to deceive the crowd," and I felt meaner than "Another thing I must tell the reporters and

owners of the Elia, and that is that I did not go abroad in that vessel. "But, Harry, darling, you did!" "Yes, yes-but wait until I tell my story. We had been out out about eight days when a terrible storm came up."

"I thought it was the eleventh day," my brother-in-law said. "It lasted until the twelfth day," I returned. "The ship was driven this way and that, and, as you know I am not a good sailor, I was wretchedly ill. I could hear masts breaking and screams and cries, and then the order for everyone to come on deck, and the order to man the boats; but I was so ill I rather hoped I should go to the bottom, so I lay still in my berth. In the morning the storm seemed to have abated, although there was a terrific swell on the ocean. I crawled up on deck and found that I was on a

deserted ship, and it was slowly sinking.

I ran up and down and presently found a small boat, which I lowered over the side. The ship was so far down in the water now that there was no difficulty in my leaping in, notwithstanding the great swell. The next wave took me far out of reach of the sinking ship, and almost before I could realize it, I was in that tiny eraft, alone among the terrible mountainous waves. I had not had time to think of food, and

the boat. I could contemplate no fate but horrible starvation. I did not think I should drown. as the water was growing stiller every hour. At last I lay down to sleep. I must have slept several hours for when I awoke the waves were rolling under the sun, and almost upon me was

a large, bandsome schooner yacht. They had seen me, and even as I looked they were sending a boat out. I imagined, of course, that it was the pleasure boat of some English or American Plutocrat, until I had boarded her and been taken into the cabin. Instead of the magnificence of a private yacht, I found a plain, rough cabin piled with cases of goods and cigars. It was a

palpable, plain, undisguised smuggler! The man to whom it seemed I was to be sub mitted was a big, handsome blonde fellow, with a heavy frown, but a most pleasant smile. He begun business at once as soon as the

sailors left us. "Who are you!" he asked. I told him.

"I am not very glad to see you," he said qui "That's strange," I said, "I am awfully glad to "Mr. Duane," the man said. "you consider an oath binding, I presume?"

"Well now," he said, taking a greasy, worn o'd Bible off the table, "I shall have to ask you to swear on this book that if we take you to shore you will never tell how you were saved; otherwise, we shall be compelled to put you adrift agsin." And I swore. I do not consider that I am

violating my oath in telling you this, as it will prevent painful misunderstandings. Sooner or later it must come out that I did not arrive in the Eutruria. Other people can think as they please-but you-My wife kissed me.

"The smuggiers landed me at a private yacht wharf out of New York and I came on home." "And did the voyage cure your insomnia, Harvey dear?" Julia asked. "Yes," I said, "I think it is cured."

That has been several months ago, but I never take up a paper without a deadly fear that there may be news of some survivor of the Elia. Maybe it didn't go down. What am I going to do then?

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. A Recommendation.

Babyhood. Another small boy of three, who is decidedly irreverent, on praying "God bless papa," added "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."

Longevity. Harper's Bazar.

"Longevity! I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two, Bill was six foot four, and George be had more longevity than any man I ever saw. He was six foot seven if he was a

Through the Suburbs. The Epoch: Passenger-I think the city we are nearing must be Chicago. Another passenger-Why? Passenger-Because most of the suburban

residences have cabbages planted in the front A Reasonable Request.

"You must give me time, George, to think it over. It is all so strange, so unexpected." "I will give you a year's time if you wish it. My love for you is great enough to bear that strain. "Oh, I don't want a year-give me five min-

Brought Them to Terms.

Truth. Gorgeous Swell (to wife)-I'm going out to see Wife-You mean, you are going for a drink: but mind, if you do I'll disgrace you forever by eating an apple right here, He remains.

A Mere Matter of Pronunciation.

"Now. Waldo," said a Boston lady, "the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy.

"Yes, mamma." "And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table you must be sure and say slogger, not slugger.'

A Literary Calorific.

"Gentlemen." said the president of the literary society to the board of managers, "it is my duty to inform you that our finances are at a low ebb. Unless we can reduce our expenses to a sum \$40 less than last year we shall have to disband till next summer."

"What was our coal bill last winter?" inquired the librarian. "Eighty dollars."

"I think," rejoined the librarian timidly, "we Ayer's Ague Cure is a positive remedy.

can save half that amount this winter. I have placed a copy of Amelie Rives's new tragedy in the library. "Mr. Index," exclaimed the president, deerly

moved, as he grasped the hand of the faithful

Gave Her Plenty of Time. New York Eroch.

Wife (at breakfast) --- "I think I will go downtown, to-day, John, and get myself a pair of Husband-"Very well, my dear, but you had better start immediately after breakfast. I am going out this evening, and I would like to have

dinner promptly at 6 o'clock." Hardly Worth Saving.

official, "you have saved us."

Country Minister (to boy fishing)-I'm sorry to see you fishing on Sunday, little boy. Little Boy-Ain't you goin' a fishing, too, Mis-

Country Minister-1 am fishing for souls. Little Boy-Well, you'll find 'em werry small

an' shy in these parts. Mister.

Sent Away.

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the war horse of Scripture, I could ever seent the battle from

"I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on very many occasions that saved your life."

A Journey with the Star of Empire. He (in New York)-Yes, darling, I'm going

West to try and make money for you. Then She-Oh, the wild, far West! The Indians! The danger! The grizzlies! The deadly bliz-

zards! Oh He-Fear not darling; I go no further west than Jersey City. A Permanent Discovery.

"And so," said he bitterly, when he realized

Somerville Journal.

that she had rejected him, "and so you have been flirting heartlessly with me all the while. Well, thank Heaven, I have found you out at "Yes," she replied, "you have; and what is more. I think you will always find me out here-

after when you call." He Made a Change.

Young Man-I'd like to look at something in the ring line for a young lady. Jeweler-There's a nice thing for eight dol-Young Man-Can't you make some difference

in the price? I deliver ice at your house. Jeweler-Ah, indeed! Yes, you can have the ring for nine dollars and a balf. A Misunderstanding.

Indignant Citizen-When I bought this horse you told me that, with a little training, he would make a first-class animal for the track. Horse Dealer-And so he will Citizen-I tried him yesterday, and he was seventeen minutes trotting a mile!

Horse Dealer-Oh, I didn't mean a race track. friend. I meant a street-car track.

Some Rare Wine, Thirsty Tourist (to agriculturist)-I say, farmer, do you happen to have such a thing as

a bottle of beer in the house? Agriculturist-I can't give you no beer, Mister, but I kin go you on some wine. Thirsty Tourist-Is it good wine?

Agriculturist-There aint none better. It's elderberry, Mister, an' my wife made it only yistiddy.

Short on the Giants.

Chicago Tribune. "Children," calmly said Mrs. Rambo, as there came to the family sitting-room the sound of a man stumbling through the front hall in the dark, banging against chairs, bat racks and other obstructions, and swearing with a somewhat thick articulation, "run out through the back door, and go over to Mrs. Baldwin's. Stay there till bedtime. Your father has been betting on

the Chicagos again. A Terrible Life,

"I don't understand women," remarked a postman, "and"-after a pause-"I don't believe I want to, either."

"What's the matter?" "If I hand a letter to a woman she looks at me severely, and says: 'What! only one?' If give her six, she says: 'What! only sixt' and if I had a hundred for her she would make the same remark. If I have only a paper to deliver-well, it's a terrible life to lead."

For fever and ague and miasmatic disease: